

When Some One Cares

By R. RAY BAKER

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Jack Reynolds, in a fur coat and heavy head-dress, sweated under a June sun, as he stood on a Texas flying field and conversed with three men clad in army olive drab.

Nearby was an airplane, loaded with gas and oil, the motor tuned to perfection. Several mechanics were going over the machine to see that every nut and bolt was tight, every connection secure.

About the field a crowd had assembled. Predominating in the assembly were many men, although a number of civilians and several women old and young, were on hand.

The three men grouped about Jack were arguing with him.

"I tell you it can't be done," one of them, a venerable officer, with white mustache, protested. "If you should get up 40,000 feet you'd die from cold and lack of oxygen; besides, the air would be too rare to hold the ship up."

"Nevertheless," said Jack, firmly. "I'm going up 40,000 feet if there's any possible way of getting there. Major Schroeder made it 30,000 feet at Dayton, you know."

"You'll never live to tell of it," said another of the group. "Schroeder nearly paid with his life, you'll remember. He was lucky, that's all. Better let him keep the altitude record."

"I'm going to try for it, anyhow," declared Jack, expelling a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"If you don't think anything of your own life," said the third member of the group, "have a thought for those you leave behind and who will suffer because of your foolhardiness. Think



Gradually Circling Higher and Higher.

of your father, your mother, your brothers, your sisters—your sweetheart."

Jack smiled, somewhat grimly. "I have none of those," and he turned to the waiting plane. "If I had just one of them I'd stay down here on the ground."

He mounted to the seat and tried the controls. His lifebelt was buckled round him, the engine started by an assistant, and the big bird took a quick run and soared aloft, gradually circling higher and higher until it became a speck.

The group of three kept vigil in a building at an edge of the flying field. The officer with the white mustache sat at a wireless telephone.

"I've got him," he announced, after listening for some time. "He says he's up 23,000 feet and still going."

In the attic of a modest dwelling in a middle western city a girl sat in an old rocker and untied a blue ribbon from a bulky pack of letters.

The girl was pretty, although her form was rather frail. She had an abundance of burnished-gold hair. There was much sadness in her looks and demeanor, and something expressive of sadness about the downward curves at the lip corners.

She sighed as she separated the letters one from the other, and selecting one haphazardly drew it from its envelope.

"Good old Jack," she said, somewhat wistfully, as she read, and after she had finished she sat holding it idly in her hand while she looked through the attic window at—nothing.

She resumed her perusal of the messages from the past, but as she separated the letters her eyes suddenly took on an expression of astonishment, and she held up a bulky envelope, addressed to her, but unopened.

"Here's one I never read!" she exclaimed. "How could it have happened? Possibly when I was down at the lake last summer little sister got this from the post office."

She looked at the postmark and made out that the letter had been mailed in Texas just a year ago, lacking a few days.

"It must have been his last," she decided, and suddenly she tore open the envelope. As she read her face became pale.

"This—this—is a tragedy," she

breathed. "At this time she did not hold the letter idly. At last she took out the attic window at—nothing."

She left the rest of the letters on the floor and rushed down to the library, where she busied herself with paper and pen, and wrote a telegram. Calling the telegraph office on the telephone, she read the message. Then she sat and again perused the closing lines of the letter she had unearthed in the attic. Those lines were:

"I know it may be a forlorn hope—this hope that you will consent to marry me; but I just can't keep still any longer. So consider this a proposal, and I will look for your answer by return mail. If I do not receive a letter I will know that your answer is 'no,' and then—well then I shall enter the aviation service, as I have been considering doing for some time."

"With love, JACK."

The earth was so far below Jack looked like a tiny speck in a vast world. Many clouds intruded between the distant globe and the aviator; it was like tossing about in a bag on a white-capped sea, looking down through the depths to an ancient city engulfed by a flood.

Frost covered the flyer's clothing. It hung to his eyebrows and his nose and a film of it held his mouth shut. What little of his face showed through the head-dress was almost devoid of blood. He was breathing heavily but he was smiling, somewhat grimly as he looked at his altimeter and saw that he was 30,000 feet above the earth.

Mechanically he pulled back the stick and began climbing further. As he went up the difficulty of breathing became more pronounced, and frost gathered; but he did not hesitate. In a wireless telephone strapped about his shoulders he called:

"Hello, Major; 31,000 feet now."

He was struggling to breathe, but he managed to speak the few words, rather calmly, although the effort was prodigious.

"I'm a fool to go up any farther," he thought, "but what's the use of returning to the sorrowful old world? There's not much sunshine any more since Elsie went back on me."

He pulled back the stick and continued the climb, and his suffering increased with every foot he mounted. He began to grow weak and his heart ceased—but he did not falter.

"Hello, Major; 33,000 feet," he said, faintly into the phone. The major's face came back:

"Hello, Jack. Listen, here's a telegram I received for you. It just arrived. Do you want it now?"

Jack was surprised. Who would be sending him a telegram? He wondered if it was a ruse to make him go down.

"Let's have the message," Jack called into the phone.

"Here it is," said the major across the expanse of space.

"Somebody mislaid your last letter to me while I was away, and I just found it today. If you still mean what it says, my answer is, Yes, yes, yes."

Jack stopped gasping. He had read a moment, and looked at the telegram with a peculiar smile.

Slowly he moved the stick forward and gradually the plane began to descend.

As far as Jack Reynolds is concerned, Major Schroeder can keep the altitude record.

WANTED REST OF HER NAME

Churchgoer Had Mixed Sermon but He Was Keen for Information on the Subject.

A tired-looking individual entered a downtown church on a Sunday evening. Finding it quiet, he made himself comfortable and awaited the sermon. The minister, after the usual formalities, announced that his topic would be "Saved by Grace."

The stranger, yielding to the soothing atmosphere of the house of worship, fell asleep almost immediately after the announcement of the sermon subject. Half an hour later he awoke, almost simultaneously with the close of the sermon, and, suddenly remembering the topic, whispered to a nearby fellow-worshipper: "Wasn't his subject 'Saved by Grace'?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Where was he?" was the next question.

Naturally there was no answer.—(Cincinnati Sunday Herald.)

Heritage of Hate.

I know four men, all old bachelors, who live together. They are all well educated, have good professions, and are what the world calls successful, but they all abhor womanhood. They were adopted from an orphan asylum when children by a rich old man who had been disappointed in married life and was an avowed hater of women.

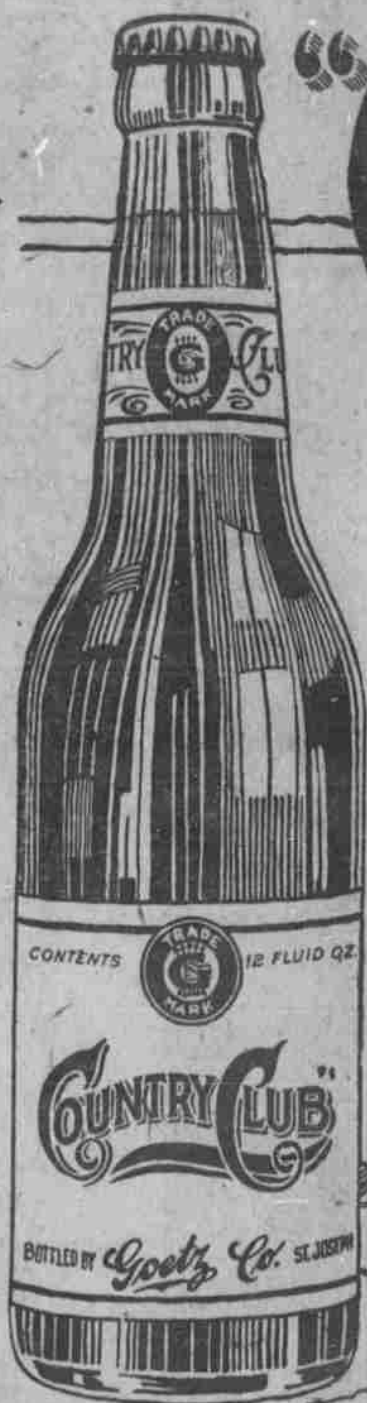
He educated the boys and left them his money, but lived long enough to instill in their minds distrust and suspicion of all womankind, and as he was their best friend (in fact, all the friend or home that they ever had) they naturally loved him and followed absolutely to all his teachings.

I have often thought when I see these men, good citizens, what a pity but a man who had such influence and capable of raising such boys could have such a twisted side to his nature.—(Chicago Tribune.)

A Wise Prophet.

"I thought you told me you had found out who was going to be elected."

"No, I had. I knew it would be any of the people who had been elected."



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An Accidental Fertilizer Demonstration.

In seeding his wheat last fall, Alex Stephenson of Lewis County, accidentally laid out a good demonstration of the value of fertilizer. He forgot to put the fertilizer attachment of his drill in gear while crossing the

field. The strip where no fertilizer was applied could be distinctly noted at all times during the growth of the wheat. One could see right up to the last hole on the seeder where fertilizer has been applied. This strip across the field would make about three bushels to the acre

while the rest of the field made not less than twelve to fifteen bushels.

An Old Fault Finder.

An irritable and fault finding disposition is often caused by indigestion. A man with good di-

gestion and bowels that act regularly is usually good natured. When troubled with indigestion or constipation take Chamberlain's Tablets. They strengthen the stomach and enable it to perform its functions naturally. They also cause a gentle movement of the bowels.

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